DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XIV., No. 15. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1879. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

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HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

PRIZE POEM BY GEORGE MURRAY, B.A.

Late Lusby Scholar and Lucy Exhibitioner of the University of Oxford; and formerly Senior Classical Scholar of King's College, London.

The following poem gained the $50 prize for the best ballad on a Canadian subject offered by the publishers of the WITNESS some time ago. It has been extensively reprinted and generally commented on. The illustrations accompanying the poem were designed by Mr. Harrington Bird of Montreal.

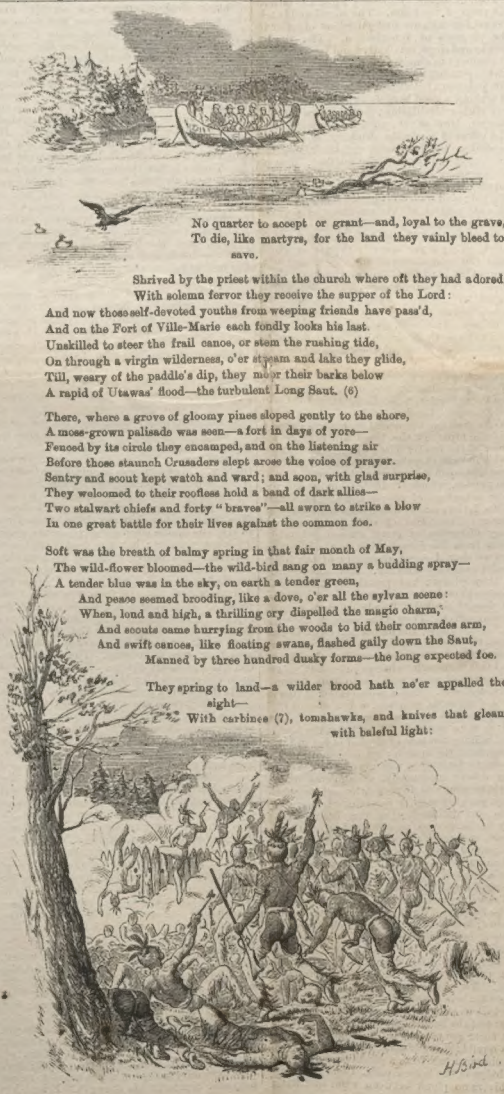
(*Rome: May*, 1660)

"Il faut ici donner la gloire à ces dix-sept François de Montréal et honorer leurs cendres d'un éloge qui leur est dûe avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur refuser sans ingratitude. Tout estait perdu, s'ils n'eussent péri, et leur malheur a sauvé ce pais."—*Relations des Jesuites. Relation*, 1660, *p.* 17.

Beside the dark (1) Utawas' stream, two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know:
'Tis hard to read with tearless eye that record of the past—
It stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a clarion's blast.
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant, fell;
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
All earth (2) becomes the monument of men who nobly die!

A score of troublous years had passed since on Mount-Royal's crest
The gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly blessed, (3)
And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie
With patriot pride had fought and died—determined to be free.
Fiercely, the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand, (4)
The sons of France from off the face of their adopted land,
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

Daulac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery prime—
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime, (5)
And sixteen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades true and tried,
Have pledged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side by side:
And this their oath—on flood or field, to challenge face to face
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race—



No quarter to accept or grant—and, loyal to the grave,
To die, like martyrs, for the land they vainly bleed to save.

Shrived by the priest within the church where oft they had adored,
With solemn fervor they receive the supper of the Lord:
And now those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have pass'd,
And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.
Unskilled to steer the frail canoe, or stem the rushing tide,
On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide,
Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barks below
A rapid of Utawas' flood—the turbulent Long Saut. (6)

There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
A moss-grown palisade was seen—a fort in days of yore—
Fenced by its circle they encamped, and on the listening air
Before those staunch Crusaders slept arose the voice of prayer.
Sentry and scout kept watch and ward; and soon, with glad surprise,
They welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies—
Two stalwart chiefs and forty "braves"—all sworn to strike a blow
In one great battle for their lives against the common foe.

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,
The wild-flower bloomed—the wild-bird sang on many a budding spray—
A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
And peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene:
When, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm,
And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,
And swift canoes, like floating swans, flashed gaily down the Saut,
Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long expected foe.

They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er appalled the sight—
With carbines (7), tomahawks, and knives that gleam with baleful light:
Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs, and broidered deerskins hide
The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed.
Hark! to the death-song that they chant—behold them as they bound,
With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around—
Then, swifter than the wind they fly the barrier to invest,
Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have startled from a nest.

As Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock,
And madly break in seething foam, hurl'd backward by the shock,
So onward dashed that surging throng, so backward were they hurl'd,
When, from the loopholes of the Fort, flame burst, and vapor curl'd.
Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through the brain,
Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again—
The trampled turf was drenched with blood—blood stained the passing wave—
It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep was not for those,
Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for repose:
The shot that hissed above their heads—the Mohawks' taunting cries—
Warned them that never more on earth must slumber seal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by craven dread, (8)
Leaped o'er the parapet like deer, and traitorously fled;
And, when the darkness of the night had vanished, like a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a maddened host.

Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to their aid (9)
Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles, to storm the Palisade;
And, panting for revenge, they speed, impatient for the fray,
Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by scent of prey.
With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze, they charge—but never yet
Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome met
Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the desolating breath
Of wide-mouthed musketoons that poured hot cataracts of death. (10)

Eight days of varied horror passed: what boots it now to tell
How the pale tenants of the Fort heroically fell?
Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness—Death's ghastly aids—at length

Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant strength.
The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon be o'er—
Sure of the martyr' golden crown, they shrink not from the cross,
Life yielded for the land they love they scorn to reckon loss!

The Fort is fired—and through the flame with slippery, splashing tread
The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead. (11)
There with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac the dauntless, stood,
And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding smoke and blood,
Till, hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth with proud, unconquered glance,
Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of France!
True to their oath, his comrade knights no quarter basely craved—
So died the peerless Twenty-two—so Canada was saved! (12)

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(1) The Indian word Utawas is here used, as being more correct, and at the same time more sonorous than the name Ottawa. So Moore in his "Canadian Boat-song," written on the River St. Lawrence:

"Utawas' tide! the trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon."

(2) "Of illustrious men all earth is the sepulchre."—Thucydides, ii. book, xliii chap.

(3) "A large cross was made, and solemnly blessed by the priest. The commandant (Maisonneuve), who with all the ceremonies of the Church had been declared First Soldier of the Cross, walked behind the rest, bearing on his shoulder a cross so heavy that it needed his utmost strength to climb the steep and rugged path. They planted it on the highest crest, and all knelt in adoration before it."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 263.

(4) The Iroquois boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the "white girls," meaning the nuns, "to their villages."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 241. See also the passage from Dollier de Casson, quoted in note (9).

(5) "Adam Daulac or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the Colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed and received the sacraments."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 73. see also p. 143 *Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, whom Parkman has closely followed in his narrative of "The Heroes of the Long Sault."

(6) "Enfin, le cœur les fit surmonter ce que leur peu d'expérience ne leur avoit pas acquis, si bien qu'ils arrivèrent au pieds du Long Sault, où trouvant un petit fort sauvage nullement flanqué, entouré de méchants pieux qui ne valoient rien, commandé par un côteau voisin, ils se mirent dedans, n'ayant pas mieux."—*Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, p. 144.

(7) "The Dutch traders at Fort Orange, now Albany, had supplied the Iroquois with fire-arms."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 211.

(8) "Enfin ces âmes lâches au lieu de se sacrifier en braves soldats de J. C., abandonnèrent nos 17 Français, sautant qui d'un côté, qui de l'autre, pardessus les méchantes palissades."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 147.

(9) "Ils avoient beau ourager; ils ne pouvoient se venger tant pourquoi ils députèrent un canot pour aller quérir 500 Guerriers qui étoient aux Isles de Richelieu, et qui les attendoient, afin d'emporter tout d'un coup ce qu'ily avait de Français dans le Canada, et de les abolir ainsi qu'ils en avoient conjuré la ruine."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 146.

(10) "Besides muskets, the French had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often mained several of them at one discharge."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 79.

(11) "Un de ces 40 Hurons nommé Louis arriva le 3 Juin tout effaré, et dit que nos 17 Français étaient morts, mais qu'ils avoient tant tué de gens que les ennemis se servaient de leurs corps pour monter et passer par-dessus les palissades du Fort ou ils étaient."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 150.

(12) "On peut dire que ce grand combat a sauvé le pays, qui sans cela étoit raflé et perdu suivant la croyance commune."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 151.

"To the colony this glorious disaster proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone?"—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 82.

"The self devotedness of Daulac and his brave men was equal to a victory in its effects; for the savages, struck by the stout resistance they had met with, gave up all thought of making an attack they had planned on Quebec."—Garneau's *History of Canada*, vol. I., p. 156, (Bell's Edit.)

"The Colony, in fact, was saved."—Miles' *History of Canada*, p. 53.

Temperance Department.

THE CHARMED BALL.

A PARABLE BY JOSEPH COOK.

Upon different portions of the brain the action of alcohol can be distinctly traced by medical science, and even by common observation. The brain, it will be remembered, is divided into three parts. The upper, which comprises the larger part, and which is supposed to be the seat of the intellectual and moral faculties, is called the *cerebrum*. Below that, in the back part of the organ, is another mass, called the *cerebellum*, parts of which are believed to control the contractions of the muscles in portions of the body. Still lower is the *medulla oblongata*, which presides over the nerves of respiration. Now, the action of alcohol can be distinctly marked upon the different parts of the brain. The moral and intellectual faculties are first jarred out of order in the progress of intoxication. The tippler laughs and sings, is talkative and jocose, coarse or eloquent to almost any degree, according to his temperament. The *cerebrum* is first affected. His judgment becomes weak. He is incapable of making a good bargain or of defending his own rights intelligibly; but he does not yet stagger. He is as yet only a moderate drinker. The effect of moderate drinking, however, is so weaken the judgment and to destroy the best powers of the will and intellect. But he takes another glass, and the *cerebellum*, which governs several of the motions of the body, is affected; and now he begins to stagger. He loses all control of his muscles and plunges headlong against post and pavement. One more glass, and the *medulla oblongata* is poisoned. This organ controls the nerves which order the movements of the lungs, and now occurs that hard breathing and snoring which is seen in dead drunkenness. This stoppage is caused by impure blood so poisoning the *medulla oblongata* that it can no longer perform its duties. The *cerebrum* and *cerebellum* now seem to have their action entirely suspended, and sometimes the respiratory movements stop forever and the man dies by suppression in the same manner as by drowning, strangling, or narcotic poisoning by any other substance. (See Prof. Ferrier, "The Localization of Cerebral Diseases," London, 1878.)

Who shall say where and the consequences of alcoholic injury of the blood and of the substance of the brain? Here within the cranium, in this narrow chamber, so small that a man's hand may span it, and upon this sheet of cerebral matter, which if dilated out would not cover a surface of over six hundred square inches, is the point of union between spirit and matter. Inversions of right judgment and every distortion of moral sense legitimately follow from the intoxicating cup. It is here that we should speak decidedly of the influence of moderate drinking. Men may theorize as they please; but practically there is in average experience no such thing as a moderate dose of alcohol. People drink it to produce an effect. They take enough to "fire up," as they say; and unless that effect is produced they are not satisfied. They will have enough to raise the spirits or dissipate gloom. And this is enough to impair judgment, and in the course of years perhaps to ruin fortune, body, and soul. The compass is out of line in life's dangerous sea, and a few storms may bring the ship upon breakers.

It is to be remembered that by the law of local affinity the dose of alcohol is not diffused throughout the system; but is concentrated in its chief effects upon a single organ. When a man drinks moderately, though the effects might be minute if dispersed through the whole body, yet they may be powerful when most of them are gathered upon the brain. They may be dangerous when turned upon the intellect, and even fatal when concentrated upon the primal guiding powers of mind—reason and moral sense. It is not to the whole body that a moderate glass goes. It is chiefly to the most important part—the brain; and not to the whole brain, but to its most important part—the seat of the higher mental and moral powers; and not to these powers at large, but to their helmsman and captain—Reason and Conscience.

"Ship ahoy! All aboard! Let your one shot come," shouts the sailor to the pirate craft. Now one shot will not shiver a big ship's timbers much; but suppose that this one ball were to strike the captain through the heart and the helmsman through the skull, and that there are none to fill their posts, it would be a terrible shot indeed. Moderate drinking is a charmed ball from a pirate craft. It does not lodge in the beams' ends. It cuts no masts. It shivers no plank between wind and water. It strikes no sailor or under officer; but with magic course it seeks the heart of the captain and the arms of the helmsmen, and it always hits. Their leaders dead, and none to take their place, the crew are powerless against the enemy. Thunders another broadside from pirate Alcohol, and what is the effect? Every ball is charmed; not one of the crew is killed, but every one becomes mad and raises mutiny. Commanders dead, they are free. Thunders another broadside from the pirate, and the charmed balls complete their work. The mutinous crew rage with insanity. Captain Conscience and Steersman Reason are picked up, and their lifeless corpses should offend the crazy sailors, pitched overboard. Then rages Jack Lust from one end of the ship to the other. That brave tar Midshipman Courage, who in his right mind was the bravest defender of the ship, now wheels the cannon against his own friends and rakes the deck with red-hot grape until every mast totters with shot-holes. The careful stewards, Seaman Friendship and Parental Love, whose exertions have always heretofore provided the crew seasonably with food and drink, now refuse to cook, furnish no meals, unhead the water-casks, waste the provisions, and break the ship's crockery. The vessel has wheeled into the trough of the sea; a black shadow approaches swiftly over the waters, and the compass and helm are deserted. That speculating mate Love of Money, who, if sober, would see the danger and order every rag down, from jib to mainsail, and make the ship scud under bare poles before the black squall, now, on the contrary, orders up every sail and spreads every thread of canvas. The rising storm whistles in the rigging; but he does not hear it. That black shadow on the water is swiftly nearing. He does not see it. In the trough of the sea the ship rocks like a cockle-shell. He does not feel it. Yonder before the dense rush of the coming blow of air rises a huge wave, foaming and gnawing and groaning on high. He does not hear it. With a shock like the opening of an earthquake it strikes the broadside; with a roar it washes over the deck; three snaps like cannon, and the heavily-rigged masts are gone; a lurch and sucking in of waves, and the hold is full of water, and the sinking ship just survives the first heavy sea. Then comes out Mirthfulness and sits astride the broken bowsprit and cycles a dancing tune. The crew dance! It were possible even yet to so man the pumps and right the helm as to ride over the swells and drive into port; but all action for the right government of the ship is ended. Trumpeter Language mounts the shattered beams of the forecastle and makes an oration. It is not necessary to work, he tells the crew; but to hear him sputter yarns.

It is fearful now to look upon the raging of the black sea. Every moment the storm increases in fury. As a giant would toss about a straw, so the waves handle the wrecked timbers. Night gathers her blackness into the rifted clouds, and the strong moaning sound of the storm is heard on the dark ocean. By that glare of lightning I saw a sail and a life-boat! And I recognize that ship as the ship where their lives to save the insane crew whose masts are gone. They come nearer; but the boat bounds and quivers, and is nearly swamped upon the top of a wave. Jack Courage and Independence see the boat coming. "Ship ahoy!" shout the deliverers. "Life-boat from the ship Temperance. Quit your wreck and be saved." No reply. Independence grinds his teeth and growls to Jack Courage that the offer of help is an insult. "I will tell you how to answer," says Jack, stern and bloody. There is one cannon left with a dry charge. They wheel that upon the approaching boat, and Independence holds the linstock over the fuse-hole. "Life-boat for sailors on the wreck," shouts Philanthropy from the approaching boat. "What answer, ship Immortal?" Then shoots from the raging gun a tongue of flame, and ten pounds of iron are on their way. The Temperance boat rocks lower from the wave-top and the deadly reply just grazes the heads of the astounded philanthropists and buries itself heavily in their own ship beyond. It was an accident, they think, and keep on board the ship and stand upon its deck. Then flash from their sashbards a dozen swords; then click the locks of a dozen muskets; then double the palms of a dozen fists; then shake the clubs of a dozen maniac arms; and the unsuspecting deliverers are murdered on the deck they came to save. As the lightning glares, I see them thrown into the sea, while thunders are the dirge of the dead and the damnation of the murderers.

The drunken ship is fast filling with water. Not a man at the pumps, not an arm at the helm. Having destroyed their friends, the crew fall upon each other. Close under their bow rave the breakers of a rocky shore; but they hear it not. At intervals they seem to realize their condition, and their power even yet to save themselves; but they make no effort. Gloom and storm and foam shut them up against hell with many thunders. In this terrible extremity Independence is heard to refuse help and boasts of his strength. Friendship and Parental Love rail at thoughts of affection. Language trumpets his easy yarns and grows garrulous as the timbers crack one after another. Rage and Revenge are now the true names of Firmness and Courage. Silly Mirth yet giggles a dance, and I saw him astride the last timber, as the ship went down, tossing foam at the lightnings. Then came a sigh of the storm, a groaning of waves, a booming of blackness, and a red, crooked thunderbolt shot wrathfully blue into the suck of the sea where the ship went down.

And I asked the names of those rocks, and was told: God's stern and immutable laws.

And I asked the name of that ship, and they said: Immortal Soul.

And I asked why its crew brought it there, and they said: Their Captain Conscience and Helmsmen Reason were dead.

And I asked how they died, and they said: By one single shot from the Pirate Alcohol; by one charmed ball of Moderate Drinking!

On this topic, over which we sleep, we shall some day cease to dream.—*N. Y. Independent.*

PROGRESS OF THE ANTI-TOBACCO MOVEMENT.

BY THE REV. A. SIMS.

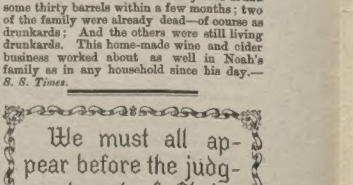
Societies have just been formed in France for the purpose of putting down as best they can by moral suasion, the "pernicious practice of the use of tobacco." The *Board of Public Instruction in Paris* has issued a circular forbidding the use of tobacco by students in the public schools of that city. *In Germany*, the police in several States have been instructed to stop all smoking by lads and young men. This action is based on the testimony of the medical faculty, that tobacco-using is so injurious to the health as to impair the fitness of boys and youth for the military service, in which, in Germany, all young men must bear a part. *In England*, Dr. Dryedale, a distinguished London physician, has—in a letter to The London *Times*—denounced tobacco-smoking as "deleterious to health and vitality," and as the cause of various disorders which he points out.

It may be interesting to the smoking community to learn that the use of tobacco has been prohibited within the precincts of Windsor Castle, by the express command of Her Majesty the Queen. Cards, neatly glazed and framed requesting that gentlemen will not smoke in the Castle, have been hung in the private rooms of the Lords in Waiting and Equeries of the Royal Suite. Servants and workmen are also prohibited from smoking within the Castle, by command of Her Majesty.

At a meeting of farmers in Northampton, Mass., the question "What is the most profitable crop for us to raise this year?" was discussed. Some favored tobacco, but the majority stood up for the best. Among the latter was Mr. A. T. Lilly, one of the wealthiest in the gathering, who said that he would be one of a hundred men to raise an acre of sugar-beets, and that he would deposit $100 in the bank to be paid to the man who could show the largest yield on an acre. "Sugar," he declared, "I can eat, but tobacco I cannot. When I come to my death-bed I wish to feel that I have done everything possible to benefit mankind and nothing to harm them; therefore I wish to encourage this industry, in the hope that it may yet largely supersede the culture of tobacco among us."

COLD VICTUALS.—"Why don't you come after cold victuals as usual?" said a lady to a boy who had for a long time been a daily visitor for that species of charity. Father has joined the temperance society, and we have plenty of warm victuals now," was the reply of the lad.

THE NEW MOVEMENT in favor of fermented liquors, as distinguished from distilled spirits, for "a steady drink," which has received aid from some eminent religious authorities, is well illustrated in its higher possibilities in the reported experiences of a New England family. Parents and children settled down on simple cider. What could be more harmless than that? At last accounts they had drunk some thirty barrels within a few months; two of the family were already dead—of course as drunkards; And the others were still living drunkards. This home-made wine and cider business worked about as well in Noah's family as in any household since his day.—*S. S. Times.*



RESTORING DROWNED PERSONS BY HEAT.

First—Know that a person recently drowned is not dead, and will not be for a long time. If not lively he is yet lifeful. Be not, then, alarmed nor unduly excited, but let "faith, hope and charity" inspire confidence and a cool judgment to aid with deliberate haste in taking the drowned out of the water and restoring him.

Secondly—When he is taken out of the water turn his face down for a moment only, to allow any water in his nose or throat to run out; then place him, out of currents of air, upon his back, with his head very slightly raised. Do not roll him upon a barrel, nor do anything else to "get the water out of his lungs," since there is none in them; nor out of his stomach, since what he has swallowed will not do any harm.

Thirdly—Quickly determine whether he must be carried to where heat is, or if it can better be brought to or produced near him. If the former, take him gently, quickly and as near as possible in the above said posture.

Fourthly—If there must be delay in applying heat, and dry prospectives can be had, take off his wet clothes and wrap the dry articles about him to prevent loss of heat, covering the head particularly. The warm underclothing of bystanders can be contributed. Several thicknesses of almost anything attainable is better than one.

Fifthly—As soon as heat is at hand apply it as ingenuity and circumstances suggest to be most likely to quickly and thoroughly warm the body. When that is accomplished theory and fact agree in assuring us that, if life yet persists, the heart will begin to beat, happily soon followed by breathing, both feebly and unfrequently at first, but more strongly and faster until they become natural, when consciousness will return. If the heart gives one beat, or the lungs one gasp, no more need to be done; keep the person warm and he will soon be "all right."

Sixthly—Suffocation in any other manner should be treated in the same way, except that in choking and in strangling the substances causing these conditions should be first removed, and in case of breathing poisonous gas, or smoke, artificial respiration should first be tried until the gas or smoke has been changed for good air in the lungs.—*Dr. T. S. Lambert.*

SUSPENSION OF LIFE.

It is singular that while the Mohammedan order of Hachischin (or Assassins) bring about by the use of their favorite drug such visions as accompany the progress of certain forms of disease, the Hindoo devotees called the Yogi are able to produce artificially the state of mind and body recognised in cataleptic patients. The less advanced Yogi can only enter the state of abstraction called reverie; but the higher orders can simulate absolute inanition, the heart apparently ceasing to beat, the lungs to act, and the nerves to convey impressions to the brain, even though the body be subjected to processes which would cause extreme torture under ordinary conditions. "When in this state," says Carpenter, "the Yogi are supposed to be completely possessed by Brahma, 'the supreme soul,' and to be incapable of sin in thought, word or deed." It has been supposed that this was the state into which those entered who in old times were resorted to as oracles. But it has happened that in certain stages of disease the power of assuming the death-like state has been possessed for a time. Thus Colonel Townsend who died in 1797, we read, had in his last sickness the extraordinary power of apparently dying and returning to life again at will. "I found his pulse sinking gradually," says Dr. Cheyne, who attended him, "so that I could not feel it by the most exact or nice touch. Dr. Raymond could not detect the least motion of the heart, nor Dr. Skrine the least soil of the breath upon the bright mirror held to the mouth. We began to fear he was actually dead. He then began to breathe softly." Colonel Townsend repeated the experiment several times during his illness, and could always render himself insensible at will.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SUNFLOWERS AND THEIR VALUE.

"Be sure and always plant sunflowers every spring around your drains and kitchen windows," was the advice given by an experienced physician to a young housekeeper. "It will save you a world of suffering and a heavy doctor's bill. Fevers or any malarial disease will not visit a house that is protected by a battalion of sunflowers." A long trial of this wise counsel has proved its wisdom and utility; and that young wife who has grown gray since that time has the most implicit faith in the virtue of sunflowers as a preventive of sickness. In one or two years the plants did not thrive by reason of neglect, and finally died. In these seasons sickness visited the home, and served to confirm her faith in their virtue. She would rather the potato crop should fail them than to have her sunny plants neglected. A gentleman in the South whose house was situated a quarter of a mile from a marsh, and whose family, servants and all, every summer were afflicted with fevers of all kinds, heard from a friend of the protective qualities of sunflowers and determined to try their utility. He prepared a strip of ground about half way between the swamp and his house, as he would for corn, and planted the whole for sunflower seeds. They made a magnificent growth, and that season there was not a single case of fever in the family. He has raised them ever since, and a healthier family is not to be found. He utilizes the seed, by grinding it up with corn and feeding to his horses, and he says the seeds are worth more than the whole cost of raising, to keep them in flesh, and giving them a bright glossy coat. Poultry like the seeds when ground and mixed with other feed, and keep fat upon the diet. The plant is not very beautiful when in bloom, as the leaves are large and coarse, and the flowers are more gaudy than lovely; but still if it possesses such wonderful protective powers it should be highly esteemed, and every farm house should have them stand sentinels over all slop pools and drains.—*Farmer's Wife, in the Country Gentleman.*

POOR FOOD AND CONSUMPTION.—At the tables of how many farmers and mechanics, we wonder, is the buckwheat breakfast gone into disgrace? We readily recall the time when uncounted multitudes of families broke their fast of twelve hour sand faced the work of a blustering winter day with nothing but greasy buckwheat cakes and molasses! They might almost as well have eaten sawdust; and what had they for dinner! Boiled salt-pork and potatoes, and for supper boiled salt-pork and potatoes again—cold, and made palatable with vinegar! Ah, we forget the pie,—the everlasting pie, with its sugary centre and its leathery crust,—the one titillation of the palate that made life tolerable. Good bread and butter or milk abundant fruit, beef and mutton, nutritious puddings,—all these things have been within the reach of the people of New England, for they have always been the thriftiest people in the world; but they have cost something, and they have not really been deemed necessary. The people have not realized that what they regarded as luxuries were necessaries, and that the food upon which they have depended for protection from climate, and for the repair of the wastes of labor, has been altogether inadequate, and has left them with impoverished blood and tuberculous lungs. For, after taking into account all the influence of heredity, which is made much of in treating of the causes of phthisis, insufficient nourishment is responsible alike, in most instances, for the deposit of tubercle and the inflammation to which it naturally gives rise. There are many men who, by a change of living, rout out the tubercles already deposited in their lungs harmless. Vitality becomes so high in its power that it dominates these evil influences, and they live out a fairly long life with enemies, in their lungs that are rendered powerless by the strength of the fluid that fights them. We have seen consumption cured again and again by the simple process of building up the forces of vitality through passive exercise in the open air, and the supply of an abundance of nutritious food; and we have no doubt that it can be prevented in most instances by the same means. No human body can long endure the draught made upon it by a cold climate and by constant labor, unless it is well clothed and with house.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

SUNNY ROOMS.—I told a neighbor, lately, that the chief objection I had to a house under consideration as our future residence, was that I feared the sun would not shine into the rooms enough to suit me. She laughed as though that was a new idea to her, and quite whimsical. The blinds on the house were not objectionable, as I should leave them wide open, except on rare occasions. But the verandas on the east and south sides would totally exclude the friendly sunbeams from the common sitting-room. Even in summer I should not like that, as there are many cool days when sunshine is far better than a fire. My neighbor said it always made her feel nervous to have the sun shine directly into her rooms. Now sunshine is one of the best remedies for nervousness, but I understood my neighbor to mean that the prying sunshine searching out every speck of dust and tiny cobweb before concealed by habitual shade, made her feel uneasy. Moreover, the colors of the carpet must be preserved, and sunshine fades them. And so my neighbor pays the doctor for the medicine instead of taking it as a free gift from heaven in the bright sunshine and pure air—for I think she dreads air as much as sunshine, except when she goes out doors occasionally to get them. I like a broad piazza or generous porches about my house, but I want my windows free from even too much curtain. Unless in hot weather, when almost anything ails you, and you feel disinclined to out-door exercise, the best thing you can do is to sit down in the broad smile of a sunny window and let the sunbeams put new life into you.—*Agriculturist.*

MEDICINE WILL NOT GIVE HEALTH.—A family Doctor in *Cassels' Magazine* who is evidently a firm believer in the utility of medicine yet says: And now, in conclusion, let me once more impress upon you that you are never on any account to expect permanent relief from medicine alone. If a man is suffering from any troublesome chronic complaint, which probably gives no great degree of present pain, but which may lead to ultimate illness and death, he must be up and doing, and strive by temperance in all things—early hours, exercise, the bath—in a word, by obedience to all the rules of health, about which I am constantly preaching, to get his system once again into proper working order. Meanwhile, carefully chosen medicines will assist him. Tell me, now, what would you think of a sailor who, if drowning in the sea one mile from dry land, suddenly to his joy found an oar large enough to float him, but who, instead of now pushing boldly in towards the shore, was content to remain where he was on the support the oar afforded him? A fool, wouldn't you call him? Just so: we began with a fool and we've ended with one. Have a care, then, that the case be not thine own. Medicine is the oar that will float you, but you've got to swim.

PLAY AND PLAYGROUNDS.—A great advance has been made of late years in the education of girls, but one point has been completely overlooked, which all who think about it slowly but surely will see is of real importance. I allude to the want of playgrounds, and also to the extraordinary feeling that appears to exist in most people's mind about girls playing at all. At no school are they allowed to run, and if they play at cricket at all, or any game in fact, on no account may they shout. That is not considered "ladylike,"—by which magic word untold burdens are laid upon childish shoulders! Now, surely, this is very illogical. Why are female children to be bound strictly by rules of conduct for grown-up people, which only a lunatic would think of suggesting for male children? If school-girls were allowed to run and shout like their brothers their health would be enormously benefited, as every medical man would admit; and so would their minds, for young creatures are naturally full of spirits, and by closing, as we do at present, all right and true outlets for them, there is nothing left but an inclination to giggle, and a nervous fidgetiness to find something to laugh at.—*Ed. Journal of Woman's Union, England.*

THERE is a small part of the eye that is shut out by blindness from seeing the beautiful things that the other parts enjoy. The following directions will enable any one to find it: Shut your left eye, and with your right eye look steadily at the cross below, holding the paper ten or twelve inches from the eye.

X O

Now move the paper slowly toward the eye, which must be kept fixed on the cross. At a certain distance the other figure—the letter O—will suddenly disappear: but if you bring the paper nearer, it will come again into view. You may not succeed in the experiment on the first trial, but with a little patience you can hardly fail; and the suddenness with which the black spot vanishes and re-appears is very striking. By closing the right eye, in like manner the X will disappear.—*The Interior.*

IT IS AN ESTABLISHED principle in medicine that corpulency can only be reduced by medicine at the expense of health. All remedies for fat taken into the stomach only accomplish their object by injuring digestion. The real remedy for fat is work. It is the rarest thing in the world to find a fat blacksmith, mason, carpenter, plowman, navvy, miner, fisherman, or wood-cutter. Of course, when any of these become masters and cease to work with their hands they may become as fat as porpoises, and think they need remedies for fat. Ladies who eat four meals a day and take no greater exercise than an hour's drive, wish for antifat medicines, but the only true and safe remedy for them, or any fat person, is active employment.—*N. Y. Witness.*

GREEN WALL-PAPER may be very pretty to look at, but it is not "a good thing to have in the house," for several reasons. An English child six months old got hold of a piece the other day, and began to suck it. The paper was immediately taken away, but the child died the next day, and a large quantity of lead was found in its stomach. Oxide or carbonate of lead was also found on the paper. The coroner who investigated the case urged the disuse of green wall-paper, as it not only contained dangerous matter, but was very detrimental to health.

DOMESTIC.

OLD CARPETS.

Very old and dirty carpets can be made to look quite fresh and tidy by beating them thoroughly, mending, if necessary, nailing down snugly on the clean floor, where they are to remain, then with a pail of warm suds, and one of clean warm water, with a quart of clear solution of chloride of lime added to it, wash and rinse them thoroughly as you would a floor, changing the waters as they become soiled, and using separate cloths for washing and rinsing. Worn-out stockings are nice for this use, as they do not lint badly; sew them together until the size is convenient to handle. This operation needs to be performed thoroughly, especially the rinsing and wiping, and the result will be very satisfactory. If a carpet is to be washed in the fall, the stove and oilcloths must be arranged as they are to remain, so that a fire can be made to dry it immediately. If the room must be used before it is dry, cover the carpets with soiled sheets, bedquilts, or something of the sort, thus keeping dust, &c., from the carpet whilst it is wet.

I do not like straw spread on a floor under carpets, it makes an uneven surface, and is a nuisance when the carpet is to be taken up for cleaning. I think the better way is to make the floor as even as possible, by driving down nail heads, and planing off sharp edges where it can be done, then laying folds of newspapers over imperfections, fastening them in their places with a little boiled flour paste, to prevent them from wrinkling when the carpet is drawn over them. Cracks suspected of moths should be covered with thick paper, well secured at the edges with paste.

A broom should never be used to remove the dust from a floor where a carpet has lain, as it only serves to "whirl the dirt about the room," but the operator, with "skirts well lifted," and a good soap and pail of water, will dispose of the greatest accumulation of dust in much less time than would be required to sweep and dust, and with much less inconvenience to herself and injury to the furniture by the excessive dust.

Very comfortable and tidy-looking carpets may be made for bedrooms, small halls, &c., out of pieces of old carpeting of various colors and patterns. Select the best parts around the edges, and cut them in patterns as you would for piecing bedquilts. Turn down the edges and baste them, so the stitches will not show on the upper side; then sew them overhand in a snug seam. Square blocks a quarter or half yard in size will be found convenient; it is best, however, to pay some regard to the size of the floor to be filled, and cut the blocks accordingly. Bind with strong cloth, which will save the expense of carpet binding, and strengthen the edges, of course, your carpet was clean before you cut your patchwork, so the refuse pieces are ready for further use.

Pieces that are large enough to cover your ironing table, may be used for under ironing blankets, number of thicknesses to suit the demand, smaller pieces for shirt and bosom boards, and still for holders, covering them with old stocking-tops that can easily be slipped off and washed when needed. The poorest pieces make excellent cushions for chairs. Cut five or six thicknesses the shape desired, and cover with a patchwork of remnants of broadcloth; tie and tuft once in three inches, and they will be found a great saving of dresses and chair bottoms.

Foot-mats, a yard square, more or less, made of two or three thicknesses of old carpet, will be found very pleasant on the oilcloth under one's feet by the stove in winter, and if made of one piece and doubled together and tacked slightly, can easily be taken apart and washed when needed.—*Charity L. Mabbett, Hoin me Companion.*

GINGER SYRUP.—Take one pound of root ginger; beat in small pieces in a mortar; lay the pieces in water, to soak, having enough water to cover them. Next day take the ginger with water, put in a preserving kettle with two gallons of water and boil down to seven pints. Let it settle and then strain. One pound of sugar to each pint of liquor. Return to the kettle and boil one hour more. Skim it, and when cold bottle for use.

STUFFED LOIN OF MUTTON.—Take the skin off the loin of mutton, leaving the flap on; bone it, make a veal stuffing and fill the inside of the loin from which the bones were removed. Roll it up tight, skewer the flap, and tie, to keep firmly together. Put the outside skin over until nearly roasted, then remove it that the mutton may brown.

HOW TO RENOVATE BLACK WOOLLEN GOODS.—Dissolve in four or five gallons of hot water a piece of washing soda size of a walnut. Wash the goods well in this. Wring it out, and iron with a thin cloth over it until perfectly dry. Have seen different fabrics of all-wool goods, as well as alpaca, done up to look like new.

THE YOUNG CLERK AND HIS TEMPTATION.

PART I.

"When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."

"Ah! you have never been thus tempted, Charles—I have; you do not know anything about it experimentally—I do."

The speaker was an aged man. More than seventy years had scattered their tokens on him. His hair was silvery white, and his brow was wrinkled. But his eye was clear, and his step firm, so that there was no need for him to lean heavily on the arm of his companion. His hand, however, rested lightly on that arm, but more in affectionate familiarity than for support, as the two walked together in the pleasant grounds of a suburban villa of which the first speaker was owner.

"You have seen a great deal more of life and the world than I have, sir," said Charles, in reply to his grandfather; "but I am sure you would not wish to palliate, or, at any rate, to justify wrong-doing, however great and strong the temptation."

"God forbid that I should justify sin, Charles, or even palliate it, so as to make it appear to myself or to others less than exceedingly sinful. But instead of carrying on an argument which might lead to false conclusions, I will give you—if you will bear with me—a passage in the story of my own life, which I have never told before."

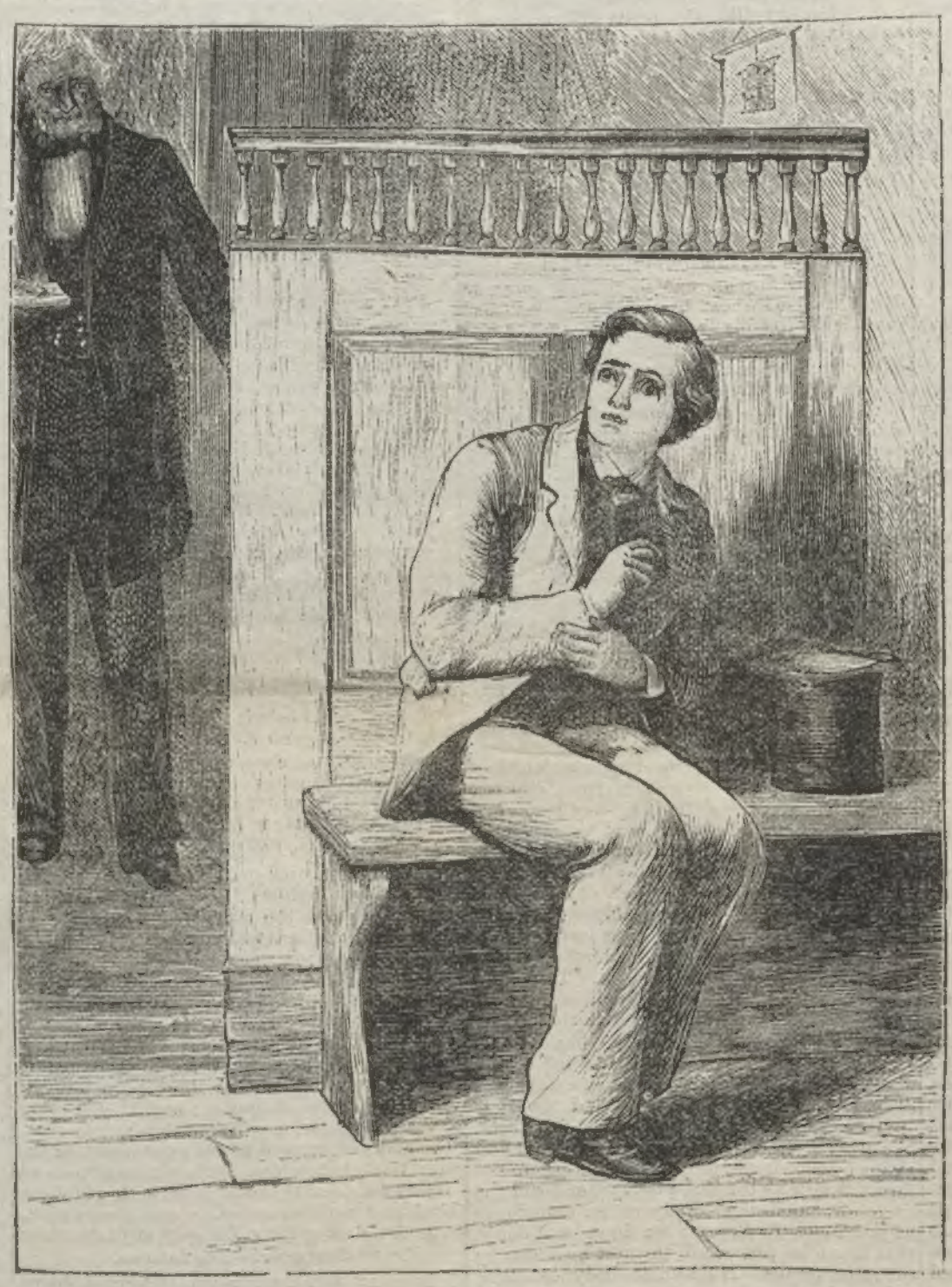
"I shall be glad of your confidence, sir," said the young man; and Mr. Aylmer told his story thus:—

"I need not do much more than remind you, Charles, that I began life in poverty. My parents had, at one time, been prosperous, but I remember them only as poor and struggling, with a large family around them to add to their perplexities. I have mentioned this to you before.

"When I was about eighteen years old, I obtained a clerkship in this city. My employer was a hard and exacting man. He knew my necessities and friendlessness, and took—yes, I am not wrong-judging or severe when I say it—he took advantage of them. He paid me barely enough for subsistence, which rendered it impossible for me, at that time, to add anything to the scanty and insufficient resources of home.

"Hard as this condition was, however, I was obliged to submit, for I had no prospect of improving it; and consequently I remained three years in Mr. Crosby's employ.

"My spirits were kept down not only by the sternness of my master, but by the wretchedness and poverty I was compelled daily to witness at home, and to share without the power or hope of relieving it. By God's mercy, and by His providence, my troubles drove me to the Saviour for help. I had one young companion and friend, as humble and almost as poor as myself, who induced me sometimes to go with him to public worship. That was the turning point in my history. The Word of God, 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword,' forced an entrance into my soul. I went, burdened with earthly temporal trouble; I returned often overwhelmed with spiritual distress. I shall not, however, give you a history of my religious experience; I will only say that after a time, I found 'peace in believing,' 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'



"HE CAME UPON ME RATHER SUDDENLY, I THOUGHT."

"Need I tell you, my dear grandson, how light, from this time, those burdens seemed under which I had, before I knew the Saviour, been nearly crushed? I do not say that I had no troubles remaining. I was as poor as ever; but this was nothing. I was as rigidly dealt with by my employer as before; but I could look beyond, and live above this; his rough treatment did not enter into my soul as it had done before I knew my God. But the distresses of home remained and increased. I saw my poor father's health sinking under the weight of anxious cares; and my mother's temper daily tried, and giving way from the same cause. I saw brothers and sisters, younger than myself—for I was by many years the eldest of the family—sinking into habits of idleness, and growing up in ignorance and neglect.

"I will not, however, prolong this part of my story, for I have to give you my experience of the power of temptation. I had not been long a disciple of Christ before Mr. Crosby became aware of it. He was a worldly man, and I knew that he had frequently expressed the utmost contempt for religion and religious men. He professed to believe that religion was a convenient cloak for knavery, and that Christianity was another term for hypocrisy.

"It was not likely that such a man, with such a strong dislike to religion, would pass over silently the change which had taken place in me. I even anticipated being discharged from his service. But I was not discharged; and, excepting occasional sarcastic allusions to my religion, Mr. Crosby's conduct towards me remained unaltered. Perhaps he watched me more narrowly. I thought at the time that he did; and I trust that this led me not only to keep a more constant watch over myself, but to pray more continuously and fervently, 'Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in the plain path, because of mine enemies;' 'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.'

"My father fell suddenly ill; and the resources of his family were all at once cut off, excepting the small pittance I was able to contribute to keep positive destitution from the door. I do not say it vain-gloriously, Charles, but to show with what weight and force the temptation—which I am just coming to—fell upon me, when I assure you that for many days in succession I sustained life on twopennyworth of stale bread, and water.

"My father had been ill six weeks; he was recovering, but slowly, for want of suitable nourishment; and if he had been able to resume his employment, that occupation was gone. But he was not able; he had scarcely strength to leave his room. In all the time of his illness almost my entire earnings had gone for daily food for our family, and no provision had been made for rent. A quarter's rent was, in fact, overdue, and the landlord had threatened my father with a distraint. It was with a heavy and boding heart that I went one morning as usual to the counting-house. My only relief was in prayer; my only hope, in God.

"And let me tell you, Charles, that it needs strong faith to enable a poor afflicted Christian at all times to say to his soul, 'Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' And bear in mind that I was a young Christian, and was laboring under many disadvantages. In short, I was that morning sadly, and perhaps faithlessly and sinfully, despondent.

"On the afternoon of that day my employer handed me some accounts, ordering me to pay them, and at the same time giving me the money in notes and cash for the purpose. Some of the persons to be paid being far off, and in the direction in which I lived, Mr. Crosby told me to leave the counting-house early enough to attend to these matters on my way home, and to bring the receipts on the following morning. Almost mechanically I took the accounts and the money, and, without further thought, locked them in my desk. Two or three hours afterwards I started on my errand.

"I had paid every bill but one, and had obtained a receipt for the payment; and then I turned into the last place where an account was due. There while waiting for the principal alone in a room adjoining his private office, I ran

through the remaining money, and found, to my astonishment, that I had ten pounds more than ought to have remained. I counted again and again, but with the same result—the ten pounds over.

"I cannot tell you, Charles, what thoughts rushed into my mind at that moment, nor why I hastily thrust a ten-pound note into an empty bag, and that into a side pocket, before the person for whom I waited made his appearance.

"He came upon me rather suddenly, I thought, and his first words were, 'You look pale, young man; are you not well?'

"I was tired, I said, and felt faint; and this was indeed true; for that day my only sustenance had been a penny roll.

"'I thought so,' he said; 'take a glass of wine.' And opening a small cupboard, he was about to reach a decanter when I stopped him, and begged instead for a glass of water. He gave me this; and then without further remark or conversation, I handed him the amount of his bill, and received a written acknowledgment of the payment. A few moments more, and I was on my way homeward.

"There it was as I had feared, Charles. The landlord had put his threat into execution; an officer was in the house; my father, scarcely able to leave his bed, must have that bed taken from him; my mother was in sorrow of mind; and brothers and sisters were around, half naked, nearly shoeless, and hungry. Even the officer, used as he was to scenes of confusion and wretchedness, seemed touched, and drew me aside when I entered.

"'This is a bad job,' he said; 'cannot anything be done? It seems a pity that the goods should be seized for a matter of eight or nine pounds.'

"Eight or nine pounds—eight or nine, when at that moment, I had ten pounds in my pocket which might probably never be required of me, for my employer was sometimes rather careless in money matters. The probability—nay, the almost certainty, I thought—was that he had made a mistake which would never come to light.

"I did not reply to the man; but I took a candle and hurried to my room—one that I shared with my three brothers; but I was alone then, and I shut myself in.

"I cast myself on my knees, Charles, and tried to pray. Strange, but at that hour of trial words or thoughts of prayer would not come. Faint with fasting, confused with the view of the misery in the room below, and struggling in mind with other bitter thoughts, it seemed that I could do anything easier than pray. I rose from my knees and paced the room in agony. 'Why cannot I do this?' I muttered to myself, dreamily; 'why shouldn't I do it?' 'Mr. Crosby is rich; he will never need the money which to my poor father would be salvation. He is careless, he will never miss it; he is unjust, he has kept down my wages; if right were done the many ten pounds would not more than make up for the scanty remuneration he has so grudgingly given. And how do I know that this finding the ten pounds is not the Lord's doing, and that he has brought it about in this way?'

"This thought seemed to quiet me, Charles, and I sat down to think the matter over more calmly. I took from my old pocket-book, first the lists of accounts Mr. Crosby had given me, then the receipts, and these I compared together. They perfectly agreed; there was not the slightest difference, not even of a penny. Then I went over in memory every translation of the last two hours, and retraced my steps from first leaving the counting-house to my arrival at home. I was astonished then at the clearness of my recollection, which landed me in a perfect conviction that I had not made any mistake in the payments.

"Charles, I was almost gone—my feet had well-nigh slipped."

"Dear grandfather!" said Mr. Alymer's young companion, drawing closer to his side; "I have often heard that you had many trials and struggles in your early life, but I should never have guessed how great and long-continued they were; and I do not wonder that you almost gave way."

"Unless the Lord had been my help, Charles, I should undoubtedly have fallen; but blessed be His name, His mercy held me up. I was about to yield; my hand was on the bag which contained the bank-note, and in another minute I should have joined the disconsolate party below with that relief, when my eye rested on my Bible, and this brought me to another pause. 'If what I am doing is right,' I whispered to myself, 'the Bible will stand me out in it; and if it is wrong——'

"I sat down and opened the Bible. I do not say that I happened unwittingly to light upon the words: I rather believe that I instinctively turned to them, knowing where to find them. But let this be as it may, I found and read, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man; but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.' (Epistle of James i., 12-14.)

"From the Bible, I had recourse once more to prayer, Charles; and thoughts and words and desires, and sorrow and joy,—yes, joy—rushed in upon my soul in a mighty torrent, just as when the flood gate of a stream had been closed, and then is suddenly uplifted.

"I went downstairs, Charles, another man—another being, for God had put strength into me. My father was sitting in an arm-chair, reclining back on a pillow. I spoke a few words of comfort, and said that on the morrow I would see what could be done; but he scarcely listened to me. Then I went out, and spent my only shilling on a loaf for the family."

PART II.

"With the bank-note safely buttoned in my pocket, I started the next morning to the counting-house. Mr. Crosby was generally first there; and on this occasion he was seated at his desk busily writing. He just looked up as I entered and pulled out his watch; then finding that I was not behind time, he took no further notice of me.

"'I have the receipts, sir,' I said, when I found he did not speak.

"'Very well, lay them down,' said he.

"'Perhaps you will be kind enough to see that they are all right, sir;' and I laid them on his desk, with the list of bills he had given me.

"My employer looked up with some degree of surprise and irritation, as I fancied; but he did not speak. He took the receipts, glanced at them, and threw them down again.

"'Well, what are you waiting for?' he demanded, when he saw me still standing before him.

"'I wish to know if you find them right, sir,' I replied.

"'I should soon let you know if they were wrong,' he said angrily. 'Be so kind as to get to work, Aylmer,' he added.

"But I remained standing. 'You gave me too much by ten pounds yesterday, sir,' I said; and I laid the note and the money-bag on his desk beside the receipts.

"As I spoke I noticed a strange expression pass over Mr. Crosby's countenance; but it quickly vanished. 'Very well,' he said, 'you may leave it then.'

"I had nothing more to say, and went to my desk. Not long afterwards, the porter came into the counting-house and whispered something to Mr. Crosby which I did not hear; but I heard the reply, spoken loudly and harshly, 'Tell him he need not wait; he will not be wanted.' And with this answer the porter withdrew.

"That was a long, and for a time an anxious day for me, Charles. You will remember that I had spent my last shilling on the previous evening to supply bread for the hungry family at home; and I had come out that morning without breaking my fast, for if I had had food I should have had no appetite for it. But as the day wore on I grew dizzy and faint. And then thoughts of the wretchedness of home kept my mind on the rack; and what could I do to relieve that wretchedness? I had promised to try to do something; but what?

"There is a gracious promise in the Bible, Charles, which seemed exactly suited to the condition in which I then was. It is this: 'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.' This promise came into my mind that morning, as I sat at work, and the relief it afforded me is indescribable. My anxiety departed, for I was enabled to cast my care upon my heavenly Father and Saviour; and even the gnawing of hunger was for a time forgotten.

"One o'clock came, and my employer, who had remained all the morning at his desk, was leaving the counting-house, when I plucked up courage, in desperation, to ask for a small sum in advance of my wages. He angrily refused and hurried away.

"One o'clock was my dinner-hour; and though of late my dinner had been almost a mockery and self-delusion, I had used the hour allowed me in walking on one of the bridges. I took my hat, therefore, and was passing through the warehouse when the porter stopped me.

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Aylmer,' he said, 'but there isn't anything wrong between you and Mr. Crosby, is there?'

"'I am not aware of anything; but in what way wrong?'

"'Why in the way of money matters or accounts. I wouldn't ask you impertinently, but Mr. Crosby, you know, has no mercy in him for anything of that sort.'

"'Set your mind at rest, Joseph,' I said; 'I have done nothing to make me afraid of him. But why do you ask?'

"'Just because I was sent last night to Bow Street; and a Bow Street officer was here this morning. You heard what Mr. Crosby said; and the man went away; but he can be sent for again for all that, and if there is any little matter not just straight, I should advise you to see to it.'

"'You mean kindly, and I thank you for it,' I said; 'but I have nothing to fear;' and I walked into the street.

(To be Continued.)

The Family Circle.

HYMN.

"What time I am afraid I will trust in thee."

Thy way is hid in darkness, Lord;
Shadows and clouds and stormy wind
Surround Thy holy dwelling place;
Oh how may I Thy presence find?

Fears lurk and tremble round my path;
They pant and quiver in my breast;
And day by day, and hour by hour,
New terrors rob my soul of rest!

New, and yet old—for all my years
Have known these ever new alarms;
No refuge finds my weary soul,
Save in Thine own Almighty arms.

Renew my courage! Let my need
And Thy dear mercy plead for me;
Grant that what time I am afraid,
I evermore may trust in Thee.

—*Evangelist.*

UNCLE JEDUTH'S GAME.

There was great commotion in the old Hackledown farmhouse; not because court was sitting in the county town close by, but because the honorable Jeduthan Hackledown, the learned judge of that court, who walked with a gold-headed cane, and sat in monstrous dignity all the week, had sent word he was coming to make a visit!

"Uncle Jeduthan is a larned man! They say all the lawdyrs take his advice on knotty p'nte," said Mr. Hackledown, solemnly rolling his eyes round the table, and resting them at last on Mink, whose sleeves were still chippy from the armfuls of wood he had been carrying up stairs. "And that isn't all, either. They say he knows everything, pretty nigh."

Mink almost shivered in his shoes. His friendless life in the New York streets, before a charitable society picked him up and sent him to Paradise with the Hackledowns, had given him a horror of judges. Besides that, this one seemed equal to forty of ordinary measure. So monstrous learned, rich and grand; where could Mink hide his diminished tow-white head from his sight?

He did not have long to decide, for bright and early next morning a two-horse carriage drove into the back yard, the driver got down, and with Mr. Huckledown's and Mrs. Huckledown's fluttered assistance, got the carriage-door open, and the judge, gold-headed cane and all, landed on the horse-block.

"Can't I get out to the old back porch?" said Uncle Jeduth, when stories and ceremonies were ended at last. "I should like to take my after-dinner nap there, as I used to when I was a boy."

"*Sartain!*" said Mr. Huckledown, and Mrs. Huckledown bustled into the parlor for the big straw "rock chair," and Uncle Jeduthan settled comfortably into it, threw an enormous silk handkerchief over his face, and silence reigned. Pumpkin pie had conquered learned wisdom, and authority of the law. The judge grew drowsy, he slept, he snored!

At that instant a stealthy step crept toward the porch, and two shining eyes blinked at the judge through the vine leaves at the end of it.

"They say he knows everything," said Mink to himself, gazing at the handkerchief under which the judge's wondrous brain must lie. "How did he ever fetch it? Wisht I knowed how they spell Jeduth, too!"

Mink went mentally over a column in his speller, "truth," "ruth," "booth;" it was of no use, but anyhow, the judge used to drive the cows to the Hackledown pasture once; and look at him to-day! Mink had great aspirations, especially after "knowing things," but wonder got them all in a jog this time.

"Don't care, anyhow," he was just ready to say in despair, when up crept another stealthy step. Didn't old Tab, the tortoise-shell, know where to find Mink, and the game that two could play at on such afternoons?

"Guy!" exclaimed Mink, under his breath, and the game began. One swoop of Mink's right hand caught a fly, and his left set Tab on her hind legs. "Now! 'Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you wise!' One, two, *three!*"

Down came Tab's eyes, open came her mouth and in went the fly. It was a game that never wore out, and the judge and all perplexing questions were forgotten. Flies were getting scarce, but Mink had the ninth one just going, when a stentorian voice called suddenly:

"Dominicus!"

The judge had come to life again! With one wild spring Tab flew away, and with his tow hair ready to stand on end, Mink crept out of the vine to face his honor.

"Dominicus," said the judge, giving the handkerchief a sleepy pull from off his face, "what's that you're saying?"

Mink tremblingly repeated.

"Well, now, I can teach you a game worth two of that. Listen to me!" and the judge struggled up in his chair, and got himself fairly awake. "Open your mouth, and your ears, and your eyes, and I'll promise you something to make you wise."

Mink's mouth and eyes were certainly open, whatever his ears might be, and the judge went on "Do you know what that means? Well, now, let me tell you. That's been my rule for life, and that's the reason I'm not living here on the old farm, good as it is, and holding the plow while you drive the steers. It means, whenever you are with anybody that will answer questions, ask 'em about the things they know best. A lawyer knows something that a doctor doesn't; a doctor knows something a blacksmith doesn't, and a blacksmith knows a good deal that neither of them ever heard of. Ask 'em! Ask 'em! When you don't happen to meet anybody that's alive, ask the dead ones. Did you ever hear of Noah Webster?"

Mink shook his bewildered head.

"Well, he's dead, but he's an excellent fellow to know; he'll answer you forever. If you can't afford him life-size, get a small one and keep him in your pocket."

The judge leaned back and fumbled into his own, and Mink gazed, expecting to see a ghost of Noah appear.

No! out came something white, but too new and too solid for a ghost. A shining, fresh half-dollar.

"There, take that to the book-store and tell old Bibliothea to give you a Noah that will go into your pocket easy. And mind he comes out easy too. Keep asking him! Keep asking him! That's the way."

Indian summer melted away and solid winter settled into its place, but by the time Medad reported the snow "twelve inches on a level, square," Noah had begun to wear a ridgy place just over Mink's pants pocket, and the judge had made sharper marks yet on Mink himself.

"Don't see what in natur' has come over that boy," said Medad, gazing thoughtfully after Mink as he disappeared with the milk pail one morning. "He's the masterest hand to ask questions, all of a sudden; there's nobody but catches it. What do you think I heard him asking the tin-peddler this morning? Why, he was asking what they put into tin besides antimony to make britannia of it!"

"Antimony!" exclaimed Mrs. Hackledown, with a glance at her bottle on the shelf, "is the boy crazy?" but at that instant the new doctor's sleigh whirled into the yard.

The doctor had a call on a road he had never investigated, and the snow was deep; could he obtain a pilot?

"Send Mink," suggested Medad. "I'll do the milking, and he can find out all about antimony," and in three minutes more the sleigh whirled out of the yard again, with the tip of Mink's nose just visible above the folds of the buffalo robe, and a busy thinking going on under his big cap, with ear-tabs of Mrs. Hackledown's own knitting.

"A doctor knows some things that a lawyer doesn't!" If he could only ask him what a tourniquet was! "Open your mouth, your eyes and your ears!" If he only dared!

They turned corner after corner, and at last the doctor looked suddenly down at Mink's nose. "All right down there? is it pretty cold?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Mink, hesitatingly. "Only"—

"Only what?"

"If you would be so kind as to tell me what a tourniquet is?"

"A tourniquet!"—and the doctor's laugh rang out over the snowy hills—"whatever put that into your head? A tourniquet, my boy, is an instrument we use to stop the flow of blood from wounds, if we're going to cut off a man's leg, for instance."

"The arteries, you know," and the doctor began to warm up, "the arteries carry the blood from the heart downward to the extremities; the veins only bring it back; so when we don't want a man to bleed to death, we put on the tourniquet above the wound. It clasps round the leg or the arm, and by turning a screw, we give it such a grip that the arteries come to a dead halt, and what little veins lose below, amounts to nothing. Clear as daylight, eh?"

Mink nodded, and his eyes snapped under the rim of his big cap.

"And on a pinch, you can make one yourself," the doctor went on. "If you meet a wild Indian and he gives you a stab in your knee that you're afraid is going to run you dry, just take your handkerchief and tie it loosely just above. Then cut a small round stick from the first tree, slip it through the handkerchief, give it a few round turns, and you have a tourniquet of your own. Understand?"

Mink nodded again, and pointed to a weather-beaten little house just in sight.

"Much obliged," he said. "That there's the house."

The snow melted off at last, the long, slow winter was gone, and every one drew a breath of relief.

"Mother," said Medad, "can you get up doughnuts and cold chicken enough for a lot of us to go Maying to-morrow?"

It was all settled; the big two-horse wagon was "hitched up" bright and early next morning, Tom Newman's light buggy following behind, and room made miraculously for everybody, Mink included, of course. All was ready at last, even to Medad's special pride, a monstrous holiday handkerchief, which paraded a red-plaided corner out of his breast-pocket, and a new reel of small rope that he threw into the wagon at the last moment. "Girls are always wanting to tie wreaths, or some such nonsense. Get up, Dick!" he said, and they were off.

It was a five-mile ride to the woods, the May-flowers turned up in great pink and white bunches, the blue eyes and the brown were still distracting, and by twelve o'clock there was a loud call for the lunch-basket. But, somehow, after that, though every one had flowers enough, no one felt like going home. "What was to be done!"

"Let's pitch quoits!" said Medad. It's just the place—smooth as a barn floor."

"Pitch quoits!" shouted Tom; you don't suppose smooth stones drop off the pine rocks, do you?"

Medad drew out the precious handkerchief and considered, drawing the red and blue corners through his fingers until it fluttered in the wind like a small sail.

"Tell you what," he exclaimed at last, "there's a thousand or so at the bottom of the ravine yonder."

"Oh!" screamed Cousin Lucy and all the other girls together; "you never could—you mustn't!"

"Couldn't! Don't you believe I could climb down there and back again with the quoits before you really knew you were scared?"

"Let's see you try it," said Tom, with a contemptible challenge in his tone.

In an instant the handkerchief was thrust back into its place, and the challenge was accepted.

"Mede," exclaimed Nettie, springing forward and laying her hand on his arm, "don't let Tom make a fool of you! Don't mind him. Nobody in his senses would try going down there for anything less than a case of life and death."

Medad gave her one look; the eyes were more irresistible than ever, but he never would be dared. He shook off her hand with a laugh, and sprang to the edge of the cliff.

It was almost perpendicular, the ravine seeming like a cleft in a solid wall of rock, at the bottom of which lay a tiny brook, and just width enough for a narrow wagon-track to squeeze beside it. The wall on each side was a ragged mass of clear rock, with nothing to break its sixty feet of surface except its own rough spurs projecting here and there, and the dwarfed pine bushes that thrust their roots into every gurgling crevice they could find

But over the edge went Medad with a swing, his hands grasping the topmost pine bush, and his feet feeling out for the nearest spur of rock. The blue eyes looked appealingly into the brown, and the brown turned to Tom with an indignant flash.

"Aren't you ashamed, Tom?" and Tom stepped to the edge of the bank.

"Come, Mede, that's enough; you'd better come back," he said. But Mede's blood was up; his feet felt a ridge of rock under them, and cautiously letting go of the bush, he reached down and took hold of a lower one.

The next stepping-place was nearer; he found it easily, and looked up at the anxious faces above him.

"How's that for a beginning, Tom?" But the next moment there was a crackling sound; the branch he was holding by had snapped.

He caught another, but Tom's face began to get white. "Come," called he, that's enough! I'll take back all I said."

"All right!" shouted Medad, and swung off once more.

There was nothing now but to stand and watch him feeling for one scrubby pine and narrow foothold after another, and then cautiously letting go and grappling for a new one. Down, down, nearer to the foot of the cliff with every one; there were not more than twenty feet left.

"He's fetching it," muttered Tom; but at that instant Nettie gave a sudden cry. The bush Mede was holding by was slowly yielding from the roots; he was feeling, with a terrified look, for another, but the next one was below him, and if he stooped for it with his hold still upon this, it started again with a ripping sound, and bits of loosened earth rattled down the side of the cliff.

"The rope!" said Mink, and dashed off toward the wagon.

"Oh, Tom, help him!" cried Nettie, with a face of horror.

"Hold on there!" shouted Tom; "we're coming."

But Medad did not seem to hear; he was groping about wildly for some nearer support, and then made a sudden desperate stoop toward the lower bush.

There was a crackling noise, a shower of loosened earth; the girls covered their eyes. There was a heavy sound of something falling at the foot of the cliff.

"He's done it!" cried Tom, with a groan. "Ned Baukin, take my horse and drive him like mad for the doctor! I'll take the wagon and go round for Mede."

"Here," said Mink's voice, breaking in, "let me down to him first."

He had got back with the rope, and was uncoiling it with flying fingers. In an instant he had slipped a noose round his shoulders, thrust the other end into Tom's hand, and before they really knew what he meant, was over the edge and following in Medad's track.

It was a quick descent. Mink grasped one support after another, like a cat, and they swung him over difficult places with a whirl. It seemed hardly a moment till he stood at Mede's side, stooped, looked quickly at him, and was calling up again to them.

"Throw me down your whip-handle!" he shouted. "Hurry up, or he'll bleed to death!"

"The whip-handle?" muttered Tom, bewildered.

"No matter; go for it," said Nettie, giving him a little push; and Tom ran.

Already Mink had Medad's precious handkerchief pulled from his pocket, knotted round his leg, and was shouting again. "Hurry up, I tell you!" and the grass at his feet was turning suddenly red.

The whip went sliding and floundering down, and landed square across the red spot.

Mink seized it, slipped it through the knotted handkerchief, and gave it one, two, three sharp, strong turns.

"All right!" he shouted up: "Go for the doctor now if you want to, and bring the wagon round two-forty."

The light wagon travelled fastest, and the doctor got there first. Mink had the end of his whip-handle wedged between two heavy stones, and was giving Mede a mullein leaf full of water from the brook.

"You see it was a first-rate grassy spot where he struck, but some mean, sharp stone cut him here just above the knee," said Mink.

The doctor gave a quick look at the handkerchief and the whip-handle, and then at the end of Mink's nose, and recognized it.

"Are you the boy that asked me about a tourniquet?" he said. "You come and live with me, and I'll teach you all the tourniquets I know, and make the smartest doctor in the county of you, too, before you're twenty-one."

And he did, and Mink has been Medad's family physician for twenty years now, though he doesn't leave his practice in the county now for anybody else.—*Isabella T. Hopkins.*

THE GRAVELLING TRUSTEES.

Early one morning, many years ago, I was crossing Tower Hill, on my way to the London Docks, when I saw a poorly-clad woman standing in the middle of the road with a basket in her hand, from which she threw broadcast what might have been pigeons' food, but what really was nothing but common sand. The day was frosty, and the horses stumbled as they pulled their heavy loads up the hill in front of the Mint, but they never fell, because they gained a firm footing by the help of the rough sand or gravel this lady had scattered there. I said she was shabbily dressed, and so she was, but I call her a lady because I am sure she had a lady's heart. People stood round watching (an idle crowd of gapers will always collect in London to look at anything), and while some said, "She's daft, poor thing," others said, "Well, that's kind, anyhow."

Every winter's morning she was there, sometimes accompanied by a sister; and when the snow was frozen into ice, be sure you would see the friend of the poor horses at her post. The police were always ready to protect her when rude boys threw snowballs or otherwise affronted her; and as to the rough drivers, they never said a jeering word, they knew it was for their horses. To one she would say, "Wait till I put some gravel down." Another was urged to get out of his van and take his horse's head, lest the poor animal should go down; and these drivers did as she told them, thanking her in their own rough way. No one knew where she came from, or whither she went. When gravel was not so much needed she might be seen on Tower Hill, where the cabs stand, asking "cabby" to strap his horse's nosebag up so that the poor animal might "have a chance" of getting at his corn; and even the donkeys in the costermongers' carts were treated all the better for her good words.

The last time I saw "the horses' friend" she looked feeble and worn, and yet the gravel was thickly strewn. A little cart, with a plump, intelligent donkey, was near at hand, and she went backwards and forwards to get her basket filled. People had become familiar with her work, and such was her perseverance and good will that the only wonder among the men was, "Who paid her for all this trouble?" as if no one would do it except for money.

Last winter was long and severe, and for one week in February the gravelling had not been done. The carmen carried the word home, "The old lady's dead, she's gone at last." So it was, and thenceforward the noble animals who trod so firmly over the "bad bit" had lost their friend.

Very soon her death became known, and people in Trinity Square and the Tower (for there is quite a little town in the Tower of London, officers and warders, storekeepers, and beefeaters) drew down their blinds on the day of the funeral of Miss Lisetta Rist, whose name had never been told till her merciful work had ceased. But now the daily papers have recorded her singular history, and it is known that she lived at Stratford, some miles from Tower Hill, the scene of her early morning labors carried on for forty years; and we know also that she has left £1,500 in trust with four respectable carmen, called in her will her "Gravelling Trustees," so that her good work may be carried on for ever.

Boys, you are spirited, brave, and full of courage; be merciful also, and merciful to animals; be merciful to all living creatures, and remember that wherever God has given life you have no right wantonly to destroy it.

Does it ever seem to you that insects are "fair game," and so you join in sports which you have never thought to be cruel! A butterfly crosses your path; at once your cap is thrown, and other boys joining in the chase throw up their caps, and so one of the fairest things of God's creatures falls a prey to the swiftest runner or the most dexterous thrower. A village lad comes along a country lane and sees the tiny light of a glow-worm; the treasure is taken home and exhibited, then put into a bottle—a thing forgotten. A boy goes out to take a walk; he sees a snail, and with his stick he thoughtlessly breaks its shell; he spies a cobweb, and with his forefinger he sends the spider spinning from the centre of its web; or, catching a fly, entangled it in the meshes of the well-laid net and watches the spider pounce upon its prey. All this may not be "meant" for cruelty, but it is cruelty nevertheless.

Who could think well of a boy who put his heel upon an ant-hill, or fired the skilfully contrived cells of a colony of wild honey-bees? and I am quite sure no boy, not absolutely wicked, would do such things if he had read books like those of Dr. Cumming, the bee-master, and Sir John Lubbock, the friend of the little ant.

Boys who pride themselves upon detesting mean actions, duplicity, and guile, should count it equally unworthy to practise any act which needlessly inflicts pain on any living creature. More than this, they should scout the companionship of boys who encourage cruelty. They should have pluck enough to rebuke the very suggestion, and they should loudly denounce the act if perpetrated. Such boys would grow up a blessing to society. They would never see a horse brutally flogged without remonstrance, or a poor cat pelted by boys, or a faithful dog kicked by a drunken drover, or a woman struck by the hand of a man, without an attempt to stay the act or to secure punishment.

Let but the boys be imbued with the sweet spirit of mercy, and cruelty to animals would be an uncommon thing, and dastardly conduct to defenceless women and little children would be a thing well-nigh unknown.—*The Boys' Own Paper.*

THE BIBLE AND THE HUMAN HEART.

Does this "old Bible," given so many centuries ago among the Jews, describe the human heart of to-day, and the condition of man in different lands, or is it antiquated and defective in this respect?

On a certain occasion, some fourteen years age, I went into a native city in India, where the name of Jesus had never been heard, there, for the first time, to show them and give them these Scriptures, and to preach to them of Christ and his salvation. As an introduction, when we had assembled an audience in the street, I asked my native assistant to read the first chapter of Romans—the chapter a part of which has been read in your hearing to-night; that chapter which those who call themselves liberal-minded tell us is too black to be true; that chapter that describes the heart of man wandering away from God and into sin, and conceiving vile conceptions of God, and then wandering away farther, until at last, "though they know the judgments of God, that they which do such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them;" the chapter which many tell us is a libel upon human nature. That chapter was read. The most intelligent man in the audience, a Brahmin, stepped forward and said to me, "Sir, that chapter must have been written for us Hindus. It describes us exactly." The photograph was recognized. It had been taken centuries before, and among a Jewish people; but the artist was divine, and the heart that was photographed was that, not of a Jew, but of a man.

On another occasion I was reading from the seventh chapter of Romans that declaration of Paul of the power of sin over us, where he says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do." As I read it the most intelligent man in my audience spoke up, saying, "That is it! that is it! That is exactly what is the matter with us Hindus. Now does your Book tell us how we can get rid of that evil disposition, and do the good we would and avoid doing the evil that we would not?" How gladly, from this same old book, did I point them to Him who can create a new heart and renew a right spirit within us; who can give us not only the desire, but the power to do good: "For I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

On another occasion and in a different city, I read the description in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, of the making and worshiping of images. When I had completed the reading, a sharp man in the audience, a Brahmin, stepped out and said, "Now, sir, we have caught you. You told us that this was an old book, given long ago, in another part of the world, to tell us how we might find God, and how, worshiping him, we might attain to peace with him; but, sir, that that you have just read you have written since you came here and saw how we Hindus managed it.' The photograph once more was recognized.—*Dr. Jacob Chamberlain.*

HOW GAMES TRAVEL.

Travellers, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained it on this wise: That the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hockey, tops, stilts, kites and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one hardly finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports? For instance, they had no battledore and shuttlecock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite-flying seems to lie somewhere in South-east Asia, where it is a sport even of grown-up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite-string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The English boy's kite appears thus an instance not of spontaneous play-instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant centre. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilization. Within a century, Europeans becoming acquainted with the South Sea Islanders, found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called *mánu* or "bird," flying them in solemn form with accompaniment of traditional chants. It looks as though the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life. The geography of another of our childish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that being one wet day in a Dayak house in Borneo, he thought to amuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them "cat's-cradle," but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzled him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the Maoris of New Zealand, who call it *maui*, from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented; its various patterns represented canoes, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in "cat's-cradle," and whatever their traditions may be worth, they stand good to show that the game was of the time of their forefathers, not lately picked up from the Europeans. In the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand it is on record that the natives were found playing a kind of draughts which was not the European game, and which can hardly be accounted for but as another result of the drift of Asiatic civilization down into the Pacific.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE.

As long as written words exist, they stand silent witnesses of the character and sentiment of the writer. Many persons do not seem to realize the possibility of their falling into other hands than those for whom they were intended.

We were once visiting a friend, and one afternoon, to amuse us during her absence from home, she handed us a large package of letters to read. They were from the correspondents of her young days, and received before her marriage. The writers were now middle-aged men and women, and we knew them as such; but these letters were pictures of their early lives, and in style and sentiment were not such as they would willingly have had preserved for promiscuous circulation among their friends. Many of them closed with a request that they should be burned as soon as read, but they had not been destroyed; and here they were, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the same foolish, gushing sentimentalities; while the writers, as the years had sped on, had grown older, wiser, and higher toned. If they could but have looked out into the future, in those callow days of theirs, these thoughtless, confidential chronicles had never been written.

Dear young friends, we would not deprive you of the pleasure of corresponding with each other; on the contrary we heartily approve of it, under certain restrictions. It will give you fluency with the pen in the expression of your ideas, and will be a means of culture and mutual improvement, according to the subjects which you select to write about. We will not dictate to you now, however, as to topics or style, but you will bear with us (because you know we are so deeply interested in your welfare) when we beg you never to write anything that you would be ashamed to have your best friends see. Young men often, in their letters to each other, intersperse their language with profanity, and with descriptions of "larks" and sprees, which they think very manly and spirited, but which they would blush to have their fathers or mothers read. Once committed to paper and to the mail, they pass out of their control, and it is impossible to know into whose hands they may eventually fall nor what may be the damaging influence, in the days to come, of the words which are so carelessly written now.

Especially would we say to the dear young girls, Be as friendly and as chatty as you like, when writing to your companions—and no girl ever need be at a loss for subjects enough to make a readable, bright letter, but remember always to maintain your self-respect. Do not be drawn into making foolish speeches on paper which you would not say to your correspondent or show to your mother. *She*, after all, is your best friend, and should be your confident and adviser in all such matters. When we hear a young lady say, "I tell my mother *everything*"—and we know several such—then we are sure she is on safe ground, and that the wiles of the wicked one will be powerless to harm her, and that she will escape the snares and pitfalls set for the feet of the thoughtless and inexperienced.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE MISSIONARY "FAILURE" ONCE MORE.

Read the History of the Sandwich Island mission by Dr. Anderson, and see how sorry a failure modern missions can be.

These cannibals, who erewhile would cook and carve a merchant or mariner, and discourse on the deliciousness of a "cold slice of missionary"—these semi-devils have now $250,000 worth of church property built with muscular Christianity and pious self-denial, which shame us out of all self-complacency. Think of it, 150 persons dragging each timber for a church eight miles; diving for coral ten to twenty feet, reducing it to lime and carrying on their shoulders seven miles, to cement stones, carried one by one an eighth of a mile; women subscribing $200 to a church erection payable and paid by making mats at eight cents a week; and subscriptions by men payable and paid by the profits on fire-wood sold at eight cents a stick, after ferrying seven sticks in a canoe across the twenty-mile-wide channel; then 2,000 miles away beginning a "foreign mission" on the Micronesian islands—why if this were not fact it would be counted the silliest of all possible romances, the improbable of the improbable, the impossible of the impossible, compared with Jules Verne's expeditions would be stale sobriety itself.—*Northern (Methodist) Christian Advocate.*

IT MAKES A GREAT DIFFERENCE how the parent speaks to his child of the teacher and his work. The solemn consideration that the future for time and for eternity of each child intrusted to him may to a very great extent depend upon his unfaithfulness, will lead the teacher to view his work very seriously and solemnly; and the parent if he would be a real help to the Sunday-school teacher, must view the work in the same light, and should show the child, by the way in which he speaks of it, how important he considers it, and how highly it is valued by him. That work should never be spoken of, in the hearing of the child, lightly or disrespectfully; it should never be the theme of ridicule or of a joke. And he should always refer to the teacher in the same spirit. At all times let the teacher be welcome as a friend.—*Church S. S. Magazine.*

ONE FIVE-DOLLAR BILL which represents the close economies of a whole year, and which carries with it the loving prayers of a whole year to come, may be mightier, under God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of heathenism at home, or abroad, than a thousand dollars from one who did not earn, and immediately forgets it.—*Congregationalist.*

Question Corner.—No. 15.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

169. Who was Balak?
170. Who was Balaam?
171. Where may we find in Paul's own words an account of his conversion?
172. Which of the Apostles first suffered martyrdom?
173. What are the only two recorded acts of the Apostle Philip?
174. In what city was Paul born?
175. To what religious sect did Paul belong?
176. What was Christ's last command to His disciples?
177. What was Saul's errand to Damascus when he was arrested and converted?
178. Who was Paul's teacher?
179. To whom did Jesus appear first after His resurrection?
180. Who was compelled to bear the cross of Christ to the place of crucifixion?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The first military captain on record.
2. One who interceded with the king for the release of the prophet Jeremiah, when he lay in the dungeon of a prison.
3. The first man who was called a Hebrew.
4. The name given by Jesus to Simon when presented by Andrew.
5. An encampment of the Israelites where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees.

The *initials* form the legacy Christ left His disciples.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

145. Sons of Aaron; because they offered strange fire before the Lord, Lev. x. 1, 2.
146. A feast held the fiftieth day after the Passover in thanksgiving for the harvest.
147. To commemorate the passing of the Angel of Death over the houses of the Israelites in Egypt when the firstborn of the Egyptians were slain, Ex. xii. 24.
148. Every fiftieth year, in which all slaves of Hebrew descent were set free, &c., Lev. xxv. 10.
149. Every seventh year, in which the ground was allowed to rest, Lev. xxv. 4.
150. Gershon, Kohath, Merari, Num. iii. 17.
151. The Kohathites carried the ark, the table, the candlesticks, the altars, and the vessels of the sanctuary; the Gershonites carried the curtains and hangings; and the Merarites the boards, pillars, sockets, &c., Num. iii. 25, 37.
152. To drink no wine or strong drink, not to cut the hair, and to touch no dead body, Num. vi. 2, 8.
153. In the wilderness of Paran, Num. xii. 16.
154. Two; Joshua and Caleb, Num. xiv. 6, 9.
155. They were compelled to wander in the wilderness for forty years, Num. xiv. 23, 24.
156. Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun, Num. xiv. 30.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. D-oreas—Acts ix. 36.
2. A-bel—Gen. iv. 8.
3. N-athan—2 Sam. xii. 7.
4. I-srael—Gen. xxvii. 41.
5. E-gypt—Ex. xiii. 3.
6. L-emuel—Prov. xxxi. 1.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—John Goldsbro, 12 ac; Agnes McCartney, 12 ac; Annie Martin, 11; Maggie T. Walker, 10; Ella Huff, 7 ac; L. S. Doud, 11; Annie Donaldson, 12 ac; Francis Hooker, 12 ac; Flora M. Livingstone, 8; Emma I. Nickerson, 10; Chas. E. Beard, 10.

To No. 12.—Emma I. Nickerson, 11; Flora M. Livingstone, 10; Chas. E. Beard, 12; Susie M. Eastman, 10 ac; Euphemia J. Hamilton, 9; Miss Taft, 5; Richard Anderson, 11; L. Saxton Doud, 12; Agnes I. McKay, 11; R. H. Nalhson, 11; Andrew Barnes, 10; Mabel Wickett, 12.

[These Questions are exclusively for children.]

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXXII.

August 10.]

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.—Gal. 5 : 22-26: 6 : 1-9

Commit to Memory, vs. 22-24.

22. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

23. Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

24. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

25. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

26. Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another, envying one another.

Chapter VI. 1. Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

3. For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5. For every man shall bear his own burden.

6. Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7. Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6 : 7.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The righteous bear the fruit of the Spirit.

Introductory.—The Apostle has shown that the old life in the flesh is opposed to the new life in the spirit. The flesh had proved its depravity by a long catalogue of sins, which shut out from the kingdom of God. On the other hand, the Spirit develops all Christian graces.

EXPLANATIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) Living in the Spirit (II.) Helpfulness and Humility. (III.) Sowing and Reaping.

I. LIVING IN THE SPIRIT. (22.) fruit, as distinguished from the "works" in v. 19; love, to God and man, the same as the "charity" of 1 Cor. 13; joy, "God loveth not heaviness" (*Luther*); peace, opposed to hatred and variance, v. 20; gentleness or "kindness," sweetness, benignity, affability; faith, faithfulness, fidelity, as opposed to heresies, v. 20, or trustfulness. (23.) meekness, "submissiveness of spirit towards God and man" (*Alticott*); temperance, self-restraint, control of all the bodily passions and appetites; against such, such things, such traits of character: no law, to condemn and punish. (24.) crucified, nailed to the cross when they became Christians; walk, in all our conduct. (26.) be desirous, etc., or, strictly, "Let us not become," implying that this process has already begun; "vainglory hath always been a common poison in the world" (*Luther*).

II. HELPFULNESS AND HUMILITY. (6 : 1) Brethren, a very conciliatory word; overtaken, surprised into, or caught in the act of sin; fault, any transgression; restore, to repentance, right doing and Christian fellowship; meekness, instead of harshness and uncharity; lest . . tempted, and fall into a like sin, 1 Cor. 10 : 12; Matt. 7: 3. (2.) burdens, infirmities and weaknesses which weigh one down; so fulfil, or, as some render, "Ye will fulfil;" law of Christ, which is the law of love and mutual helpfulness, comp. Jas. 2: 8. (4.) prove, put to the test; his own work, instead of accusing others, or hiding himself behind their faults; rejoicing in himself, his ground of boasting in what concerns himself alone, and not in what concerns another. (5.) shall bear, must bear, in the nature of things; his own burden, his own load of sins and infirmities, and not his neighbor's, before God.

III. SOWING AND REAPING. (6.) taught in the word, instructed in the Gospel by preachers; communicate, literally, "go shares with" (*Lange*), contribute to the support of; all good things, necessary for the teacher's support, comp. 1 Cor. 9: 11. (7.) not mocked, with impunity; none can cheat or evade him; that, the same in kind, but more in degree; reap, partially in this life, and fully in the life to come, (8.) corruption, some read "destruction." (9.) weary, literally, "lose heart;" well-doing, as the sowing of good seed; in due season, God's fit and appointed time.

What do you learn from this lesson as to—

1. The way to lead a truly faithful life?
2. The Christian's duty to the weak and erring?
3. The commonness and the danger of spiritual pride?
4. The duty to support ministers of the Gospel?
5. The enduring influence of all actions?

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LESSON XXXIII.

August 17.]

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.—Eph. 6 : 10-20.

Commit to Memory, vs. 14-17.

10. Finally my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

11. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers against rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

13. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.

15. And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

16. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

17. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

18. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

19. And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel.

20. For which I am an ambassador in bonds; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.—Eph. 6 : 11.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's armor against God's enemies.

Introductory.—Paul's description of the Christian's armor, which has been said to be "one of the most striking passages in the sacred Volume," was probably written when he was a prisoner, chained to a soldier, and night and day in the midst of military scenes. The Roman soldier, with his armor, his weapons, his discipline, his service in maintaining the great Roman Empire, suggests the Christian soldier's equipment, and his duty in fighting against the foes of a kingdom grander than that of Rome—the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

To the Scholar.—First get a clear idea of the ancient soldier, and the various parts of his armor. Mark how he was protected and how he fought. Then follow out the analogy as applied to the good soldier of Jesus Christ. Remember that you are called to enlist and to fight on Christ's side. If you do so faithfully, you may hope for the final victory, and the everlasting crown.

EXPLANATIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) The Foes. (II.) The Armor (III.) Prayer for Christian Warriors.

I. THE FOES. (10.) Finally, or literally, "for the rest;" be strong, be strengthened; in the Lord, in Christ who gives strength. (11.) whole armor, offensive and defensive, our word "panoply;" stand, and defend yourselves, instead of fleeing away; wiles, schemes, stratagems, crafty assaults; the devil. Satan, the adversary of souls, called by various names in the Bible. (12.) we wrestle, some MSS. read, "ye wrestle," in hand to hand, foot to foot, struggle for life; flesh and blood, mere men like ourselves; principalities, the chiefs and potentates of the kingdom of evil; rulers . . . world, "the world-rulers of this darkness," Satan is "the god of this world," 2 Cor. 4 : 4; John 14 : 30; spiritual wickedness, "the spiritual hosts of wickedness;" in high places, literally, "in the heavenly places," supernal regions, above the earth.

II. THE ARMOR. (13.) Wherefore, since we have such mighty foes: the evil day, of special danger, of terrible temptation; done all, or "having overcome all;" to stand, firmly and to the end. (14.) girt about, the girdle held the armor in place; a soldier could not fight ungirded, comp. 1 Pet. 1 : 13; Isa. 11 : 5; breastplate, covering the heart and vital organs; righteousness, wrought in by Christ, Rom. 6 : 13. (15.) feet, emblems of activity and motion; preparation, preparedness, readiness for God's errands. (16.) Above all, or "In all things;" shield, that of the Roman soldier was 4 feet long and 2½ feet wide; fiery darts, having a tip of tar and pitch, setting fire to building, tent, clothing; the wicked, the evil one. (17.) take, or "receive," a different word from "taking" in v. 16; helmet, comp. 1 Thess. 5 : 8; sword, the first offensive weapon mentioned; of the Spirit, made and rendered efficient by the Spirit. 2 Pet. 1: 21; Heb. 4 : 12; Jesus used this sword in defeating Satan, Matt. 4 : 4, 7, 10.

III. PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WARRIORS. (18.) always, at every opportunity, and in every emergency all prayer, every kind of prayer; watching, not sleeping; watching and praying must go together. (19.) for me, the Apostle Paul; may be given, he did not trust to his learning, experience, ability. (20.) in bonds, bound by a chain to a soldier, at times, Acts 26 : 29; 28 : 16, 20.

What does this lesson teach concerning—

1. The nature, power, and malignity of evil spirits?
2. The weapons of the Christian warfare?
3. Bible truth as a defence against temptation?
4. The need of earnest prayer for all classes, at all times?

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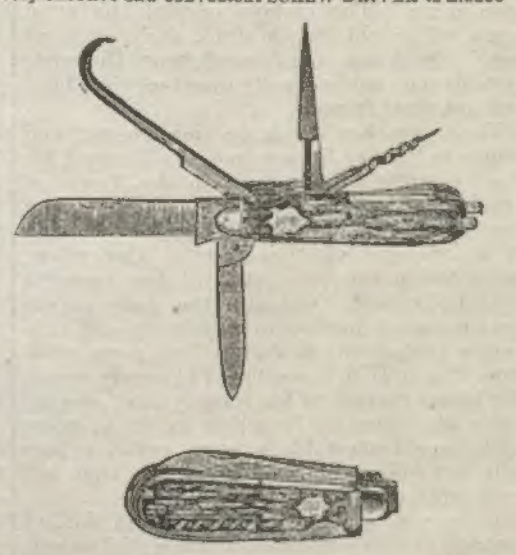

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The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.